SUMMER IN NEW YORK.

It is Not a Season of Comfort is at home stemming the currents.

The great attraction of Manhattan and Delight.

Bather Than Stay in the City Over Sun-day the Average Gothamite Will Al-low Himself to Be Robbed at Coney.

[Special New York Letter.] The climate of New York is remarkable for its versatility, so to speak. We have more winter weather in summer and more summer weather in winter than in any other city that I know of. I am simply stating facts when I mention that I have seen flowers blooming in the open air between Christmas and New Year's, and that I have shivered for lack of an overcoat while returning from Coney Island in July.

There is, however, one feature of the New York summer that is pretty relia-



EVADE THE NEW YORK TEM-PERATURE.

When it is hot it is very hot. Some time, between March and October, there is a continuous spell of hot weather that causes an increase in prefanity. Then it is hot, hotter, hottest. Hottentot, Hottentotter, Hottetotest, hot as one oven, hot as two ovens, hot as - blazes. In the dog days the New York weather is beastly.

We have to contend with three distinct brands of heat, and, consequently, the mean temperature is very mean indeed. First of all there is the direct heat that comes straight from the bright orb that hangs resplendent in the blue vault above. This is reinforced by the reflected heat from the paved streets and the rock and brick houses. But the most insidious and diabolical heat of all crawls up from the kitchens under the sidewalks. It is aromatic with the flavor of fried onlons and other tempting vlands. When In these different heats are saturated with eighty-five per cent. of humidity, you'feel as if breaths of fresh air were being sold at auction, and everybody was outbidding you.

The next thing to be done is to get out of town as suddenly as possible. Those who do not keep their elbows perfectly straight are apt to get sunstruck, hence there is an old-fashioned exodus whenever it is sultry.

There is any number of inland resorts in the vicinity of New York, but the fact is that while they are destitute of the comforts and conveniences of a large city, the temperature is not much lower, so the average Gothamite makes a bee line for the Atlantic ocean, where it is always cool and refreshing. In other words, he goes to Coney Island, in which term are included the resorts of Manhattan beach, Brighton and Coney Island proper, or rather improper, judging by the number of arrests that are made for violating the excise lawand some other laws.

Manhattan beach consists of a large hotel, a splendid music pavillion, a bath house, a bicycle track, and that is about all. Everything, except the low, sad anoan of the sea is very high. The Scotchman who complained that Londow was a dreadful place, for he had



PAGANINI SOLICITS A BRIBE.

not been there more than "two hours," when "bang went a sax-pencel" would have a fit at Manhattan beach. A hungry man might possibly subdue his appetite at the expense of six or eight dollars, if he were only moderately

A short distance from Manhattan beach is the Oriental hotel, which is a nice place for plumbers and other mil-Mionaires. You can't steal a side glance at a waiter without paying a dollar, and, if you stump your toe it is two dollars and a half. There they sell you a eigar for forty cents and charge you ten cents for a match, so I have been told. For reasons too painful to elaborate, I have never had any personal experience at that particular hostelry.

Manhattan beach is, to all appearances, aristocratic and highly respectable. You do not see much of the billing and cooing so noticeable at some seaside resorts. Most of the billing is done by the hotel proprietors. At the same time I have observed, while gazing at the bathers, that quite a number of family skeletons were on exhibition I have been told, moreover, that some of the ladies go out into the water to catch the swells, but this may be a slander. Here the summer girl is very

much in evidence. She must go to the seaside, and, very likely, while she is

beach is, and always has been, the music. Until his death, the great bandmaster, Gilmore, supplied the music. He was fairly idolized, not only on account of the entertainment, but also because of his great personal popularity. Everybody liked him. Now his place is filled by Sousa, and he is quite as popular. Tempora mutantur, nos mutamur in illis. People crowd into the pavillion, and are just as well pleased with the way Sousa hits at the mosquitoes with his baton, although Sousa has never been able to acquire poor Pat Gilmore's smile.

By the way, every man, woman and child at Manhattan beach is a masher, as there is a small kind of gnat that can be discouraged in no other way.

Brighton is only about two hundred yards from Manhattan beach, but there is no way to get there except by pat-ronizing the Marine rallroad, for which ten cents is extracted for the round trip. The truth is that you have to pay extra for everything, except the fresh air. All efforts to bottle it up and compel the public to buy it have failed. The musical airs, however, in the pavillion have to be paid for, as the benches are put so far off that the music cannot be heard.

At Brighton there is more music of an inferior quality, and the clam chowder is cheaper and more indestructible. There are, also, tempting facilities to have your photograph taken in a group. The air is about the same as at Manhattan beach. Speaking of clam chowder, Chauncey Depew is given as au-thority for the statement that a lady at Brighton beach became so addicted to the clam chowder habit that her waist rose and fell with the tide.

I would like to say that the viands are tempting, but I cannot truthfully do so. The butter is evidently of the kind that is made in an iron kettle with a fire under it, and the spring chicken is as springy as a rubber teething ring. If it were not for the ozone in the atmosphere, I'd prefer a horse trough as a watering place.

From Brighton, you take another railroad for a few hundred yards to reach Coney Island proper, or rather improper. I have figured out that if



railroad companies charged as high in proportion to the distance traveled as do these Coney Island roads, the round trip, from New York to Chicago and back, would amount to \$848,675,428but I am digressing. Some parts of Coney Island proper are very nice, while the lower end is somewhat otherwise. Dime museums, dancing and concert halls, cheap restaurants and all manner of fake games abound.

However, these are not the only attractions of Coney Island proper. Besides clam chowder, you can obtain at reasonable figures two tablespoonfuls of warm beer with hydrophobia on

top. The salt-covered pretzel comes under the head of extras. You can also refresh yourself with Frankforter sausage and a roll, if you are not particular what you eat, and the facilities for acquiring a complicated case of cramp colic by quaffing lemonade and eating popcorn are unrivaled. If you are tired and really need a rest you can test your strength on several different machines which are there for that purpose. The opportunities for finding out how much you weigh are numerous, and if you try two of them you will be surprised at how many pounds you can gain or lose in a few minutes. There is not much fishing, but there is no end of game. One called the shell game seems to be the most popular.

And yet on a hot Sunday more than fifty thousand people will visit Coney Island, which goes to show what sort of a summer resort New York is when the mercury gets up among the nineties.

There are five or six different routes by which Coney Island can be reached from New York. The most pleasant way to get there is to go by steamboat. If you don't miss the boat it will take an hour. One advantage of going by boat is that you can truthfully say to your friend, whom you have not seen in some time, that you have been across the water, which will leave the impression on his mind that you have just returned from Europe. The only objection to the water route is that you are liable to be disturbed every once in awhile by a beetle-browed bandit of an Italian musician going around with an inverted hat.

If you like to participate in railroad accidents, the trolley cars, which run from Brooklyn, afford unrivaled facilities. Or you can go part of the way by land and part by water. The short-est route is via Long Island City. There you take the Long Island railroad, which runs through Hunter's Point, where the fat rendering establishments create an aroma which reminds one not so much of the perfumes of "Araby the blest" as they do of the individual Arab. It would be useless to attempt to describe the Hunter's Point smells. That they "baffle description" is no figure of speech. They are simply indescribable.

PHONOGRAPH DESCRIBED IN 1680 The Prenchman Who Did It Was Consi

A few months ago while amusing my self with Cyrano de Bergerac's Historie Comique des Etats et Empires de la Lune et du Soliel (Paris, 1060), I was amazed, says a writer in Popular Science SICK HEADACHE, Monthly, to come across the matter quoted below, which surely foreshadows the phonograph as closely as do Bacon's words the steamship and railway. The author, De Bergerac, is on a voyage over the moon. Left alone a little while by his guide the latter gives him, to help him while away the hour, some books to read. The books, however, are different from any seen on earth. They are, in fact, little boxes, which Cyrano thus describes:

"Op opening one of these boxes I found I know not what kind of metal (apparatus) similar to our clockwork, composed of I know not how many little devices and imperceptible machinery. It was a book, certainly, but a most marvelous one, which has neither leaves nor characters; a book to understand which the eyes are useless-one needs only to use his ears. When he wishes to read this book he connects it by a sort of little nerve to his ears. Then he turns a needle to the chapter he wishes to hear, and immediately there emerges from the instrument, as from the mouth of man, or from a musical instrument, all the words and sounds which serve the Grands Lunaires for language."

I will say, further, that Cyrano anticipated many of the inventions and conceptions of modern aeronauts. No wonder that he was considered by his contemporaries as "somewhat off."

When Elihu Washburne was United States minister to France there was a court dinner given at the palace of the Tuilleries one night by the emperor, Napoleon III., says the Cincinnati Times-Star. It was the custom at these dinners when the empress arose to retire with the ladies for the gentlemen to rise from their seats and step back, so that the ladies should pass down the line between them and the table. By this all could avoid turning their backs on the empress. Mr. Washburne had very tender feet. During the dinner they had given him a great deal of annoyance, and to ease himself he had slipped off his patent leather pumps. He was absorbed in conversation at the close of the dinner and was caught unawares when the empress made the signal fordeparture. Mr. Washburge was obliged to step back without his pumps. There he stood in his stocking feet, grave, dignified and self-possessed in the row of grinning diplomats to his right and left. He betrayed none of the embarrassment he must have felt, and was never heard to allude to the incident.

Fled from a Rat. A Larkin street restaurant in San Francisco was nearly wrecked recently by a most peculiar incident. As it was the noon time, business was lost for at least one day. The proprietor, who had been out on the street somewhere, went to a closet, donned his black alpaca coat and started to wait on a couple of ladies. He drew a napkin from the coat pocket to brush a crumb from the table cloth, when out jumped a rat nearly as big as a ground hog. The women were on the table in a sec-Men upset chairs and tables trying to stamp on the animal, but it escaped all the blows aimed at it and chased around and around the place looking for some avenue of escape for fully five minutes. By the time the restaurant cat woke up and caught the rat the place was a sorry wreck and half the patrons had disappeared.

Gave It the Preference.

At a recent large country wedding all the carriages far and near were engaged to convey the guests to the station and the various country houses to the bridal reception. "I am sorry, ma'am," said the village undertaker, to whom one of the perplexed hostesses had applied in despair for a couple of coaches, "but we had to put off two funerals to-day on account of this wed-

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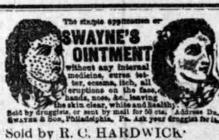
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